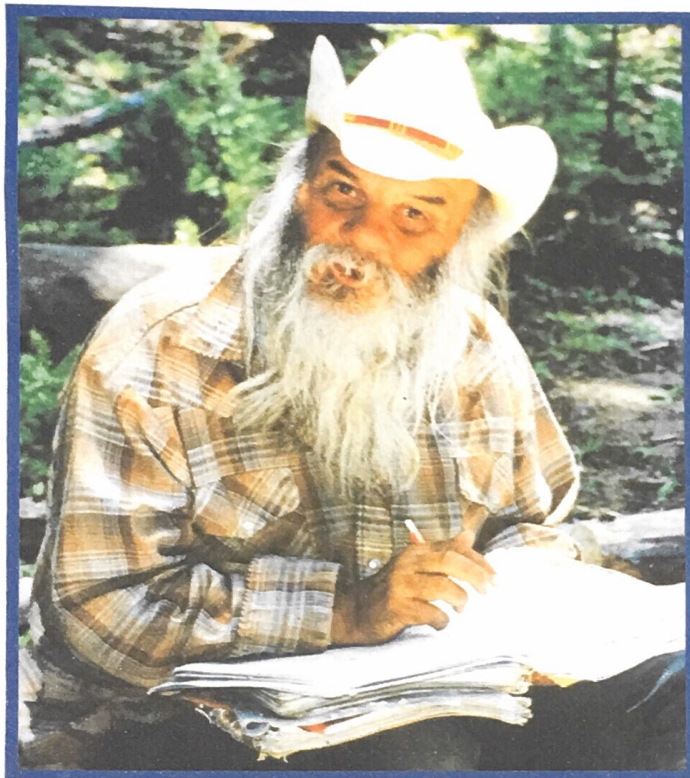




Rainbow Family Life Stories



by Jodey Bateman.
Interviews with Rainbow
Family of Living Light
folks conducted between
1977 and 2008.

Scanned in 2018.

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07.B NASHEMA AND BANJO JENNIE -
"I Never Grew Up" &
"The New Mommy"
interviewed in 1978 OREGON Gathering
and in Bisbee, Arizona in 1982

20 pages

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NASHEMA AND BANJO JENNIE

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NASHEMA - I Never Grew Up

[I took down this part of Nashema's story at the Rainbow Peace Camp in the California desert in February, 1979.]

Chamai gave me my name. She's an Aleut from Alaska and Nashema means Little Sister in Aleut.

I don't know where I was born for sure - probably Jerseyville, Illinois. I ain't sure. I don't believe in time, so I don't say how old I am. If you don't say, you never age. But I'll tell you, I was born on the eve of April Fool's Day, 1937. I've been reborn several times since then. I never grew up.

My dad was half Dakota Indian. His mother was an Indian slave in a log cabin in Kentucky. His father owned the plantation. My father never learned to read and write and couldn't speak English so good. He went to work on the railroad when he was 14 as a water boy for section gangs. He became a switchman - he put the trains on the right tracks. He was traveling around all the time. I have that in my blood from him. He was in his 50's when I was born.

My mother was a school teacher before she was married. She used to sing professional. I took after the Indian side of my family. My dad told me about the Indian blood. He looked like Sitting Bull - got a big nose like Sitting Bull and all that. He never spoke much. He loved me a lot. We lived in the country in a big house on a hill. We had a garden. My father planted the vegetables. My mother planted the flowers.

My parents had to pretend after I was five years old that they was my grandparents, because I was a change of life baby and they already had children a lot older than me. I had to change my last name and I started living in St. Louis with my sister and her husband who were supposed to be my mother and father. They will never admit that.

They'd say, "Oh, you're crazy."
My sisters are like the white side of the family, real materialistic, got a lot of furniture. They won't admit they're part Indian. My parents are dead and I don't know who to ask about these things anymore. From when I was six, I moved into middle class suburbia. My sister and her husband took the country away from me. I got sick all the time as soon as I moved in my sister's house.

It was like I didn't know how to do anything. Like I was almost a flunk out in kindergarten, I flunked the fifth grade. I was out to lunch all the time. I handed in a paper with just my name on it. I asked to go to Catholic school because I nearly got raped in public school.

I couldn't stand to watch TV. I was outdoors all the time playing in the rain and snow. There was a chicken coop some of us cleaned out and used as a clubhouse.

I stayed in school until the tenth grade. I used to just blank out in class because I couldn't understand what they were saying. History the way they taught it meant nothing to me. They'd show me a map in geography and it meant nothing to me until I went travelling to see for myself. My learning has been all street.

From when I was 14 on, I never dated high school boys. I didn't go to high school basketball games. Instead I went to East St. Louis and went to night clubs and listened to soul music and hung out with the college crowd. I said I was 18. From 15 on, I was pretty wild, looking for love in any form. I thought sex was the only form of love.

I got married once legally when I was 17. The child from that marriage is with my sister's husband—my stepdad. He never gave me love in any form. He went to court and I was declared under age. I always said that child was my sister instead of my daughter.

I've had it up to here with the American dream. I had a ranch house in suburbia. I've lived next door to a country club. I've had a maid. I've had a color TV and stereo. I said, "Fuck it, if that's

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what there is to life, who needs it?"

I had two more girls. Their father was a drunk. He had whiskey in the refrigerator when there was no food. I left him and moved with my girls from Missouri to California. I lived in a houseboat with my daughters in Sausalito. I'd tell them the rules - don't trip off from the stores, freaks owned, the brothers and sisters. But the big stores - well, I'd get mad at my daughters if they shoplifted because I didn't want them taken away from me. But me and my girlfriends used to shoplift. We called it hocking. I told my daughters, "I never liked school, but you got to go or you'll be taken away from me." I never had to wake them up for school. They had the clock in their room. They made good marks in deportment. One of my daughters had a band teacher who told me if she was older, he'd marry her.

I first started smoking pot around 1968. It was tops-damascen and Colombian. I told my daughters, "Don't take take no other kind of drug but pot and don't even take that if you think it's treated." They were practically addicted to the stuff, but they wouldn't try no other drug and they'd ask me if the pot was treated.

I was into bars then. I could drink from the time the bars opened to the time they closed. I drank mixed drinks. I could change over to any kind of liquor they had and never get drunk or sick and I could drink any man under the table. I don't drink now, but I was a chemical person then. I didn't know about nothing natural or organic. I ate chemicals in my food from cans.

I tried to sell my houseboat, because I felt that instead of me owning it, it owned me. It was taking all my welfare check, plus I was working to make the money to pay for it. I left my girls with a friend in Sausalito and went to Lou Gottlieb's Morning Star Farm. Morning Star was where people went from Haight-Ashbury. I wasn't hippie-oriented when Haight-Ashbury was going on. Lou Gottlieb dedicated the land to the children of God - whoever wanted to get out of the madness of the cities. I was in Morning Star for six months - in and out.

Ed Walkinotiek or Choctaw - was my partner at Morning Star. He had a woman, but there was no jealousy about it. He was the first person you saw.

When the Rainbow Gathering happened in 1972, Choctaw said, "You don't need to go to the gathering. We can have one here." We had 200 pounds of chicken and then we went to Marabel Beach, the skinny dipping beach. We called it Bare Balls. Choctaw asked me to marry him down at the beach, but I never even thought to marry him. I was non-physically tripping off with someone else, a Gemini. I was having a good time.

Choctaw knew what was coming down at Morning Star. He said, "Get your stuff together and get you a house on wheels because they're gonna bulldoze the place down again." They did bulldoze Morning Star down. It's totally closed. There's a permanent injunction. But then there was all the street energy coming down, people just out of the cities and it got too noisy.

My sister and her husband got my two younger daughters. I gave them choices. They chose my sister's husband instead of me. My sister brainwashed them against me because our life style is so different. They have those kids scared of me. You think I'm not mad they took my children away from me? After they took my children, I hit the road. I was a professional visitor, always looking around for my brothers and sisters to get high. Marijuana is my medicine. I don't function too well without it.

In 1976 in St. Petersburg, Florida, I met Zack who talks to the Bureau of Land Management now about land for the Rainbow Family. We stayed with Rainbow Hawk and his old lady and about six people from the Christ Family. A woman there gave her four year old girl to the Christ Family to travel with them. A lot of the Christ Family philosophy made sense. It made so much sense that if I hadn't been anti only wearing white, I might have gone with them. I like wearing brown and green - earth colors. But they was tripping around so free-folks would invite them into their homes just to find out what they was about.

I finally went to the Rainbow Gathering in Choteau, Montana, in 1976.

I had met people from it on the road and I wanted to go there and meet the gypsies. I was in Gainesville, Florida, in front of a black woman's freebie food place. I had some yogurt and I was sitting in her yard with it, waiting for who would ride in to share it with them. Then the Big Blue bus showed up - an old school bus in the front yard. GI Jody was there and Buzzard who and about 15 Solar Gypsies. I went part of the way to Montana with them.

First we went to Love Valley, North Carolina. It's a good place for family - 56 people. You can stay there if you have your shit together. The man who owns the town is the mayor. He wanted to run once for governor of North Carolina. The town is only a couple of blocks long. There's no cars allowed on the street there, only horses. They got rules among themselves. You can grow pot there. They don't call it that among themselves. They say they grow toonie.

Rainbow Hawk was there. He drove his car to the Union Grove Fiddlers' Convention as a satellite vehicle for the Big Blue bus. He was pissed off about the fighting on the bus. He said, "I helped you all get this bus from Don Maser. It's a Family bus and you're not acting like Rainbow Family. You're drinking, you're fighting."

At the Fiddlers' Convention, we set up a big circus tent and a sign that said FREE KITCHEN and invited everyone that came around to eat. We got donations from everybody and when we didn't get money, we got food to keep feeding people for free.

I got a ride from there to Stephen Gaskin's Farm in Tennessee. I ended up staying there in a beautiful school bus tucked off in the hills with one of the older brothers. He lived with a couple and their children and he was into printing the Farm stuff. At the Farm, they was into white sugar and white flour. I thought their diet wasn't so good.

From there I had to go see about my two girls in St. Louis. I hadn't seen them for two years. They were embarrassed - they were told to be embarrassed. They said, "Mother, you look like a hippie!" I said, "Well, I am!" My stepfather offered me some money for a

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permanent if I would wear nylon stockings afterwards. I couldn't stay at their house. They wouldn't let me. My kids told me they burned some pot at school. They said it led to higher drug addiction. Here was these kids who had been smoking pot all the time, they had been so brainwashed.

My old friends wouldn't want me. They were all into materialism - plastic city. So I hitched with a brother through the rolling hills of Missouri, the Ozarks. It was really beautiful and I had never seen it before and I had lived in Missouri. I said, "I'm going to the Rainbow Gathering." I tried to find some of the old cosmic people in St. Louis. There was just one household left. They grew the psilocybin mushroom. They had gotten the seeds for it from the tomb of the medicine man in Mexico. [Palenque?]

To get out of that horrible town, St. Louis, ain't no easy time. That ain't no easy town to hitch out of. I had to go down to the employment office to get little jobs for a day at a time to make money to pay for gas for a ride to Montana. I worked at the telephone office a few days. Before that, all the jobs I had was picking apples.

I got a ride to Denver. From there I went to Boulder and stayed at a house in the country with Carnival Cafe who cooked for the gathering. Apple Annie bus and Big Blue bus was there. I went to Montana on Apple Annie. It took 1,500 pounds of food from Carnival Cafe and everybody who went to the gathering on the bus had to pay \$15, because we didn't have no gas. Celestial Teas donated 250 pounds of tea that was on board Apple Annie and there was beautiful music on board - people playing their guitars.

At the gathering I stayed in the Patchwork Tipi - it was patched all kinds of colors. It had been in the family for years. I've been dealt all the dirty blows so much. I've been trying to create a Utopia, a place where my dreams will come true. I've been searching for so long. I found the Rainbow was more free, because you could read any books you wanted and you could always find a campfire and

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there was cowboys and Indians - all the people from folklore was reincarnated there.

After the gathering, we tried to get together a Rag-Bag Caravan - arts and crafts and music and being our crazy selves and getting away with it. Don Moser was on the caravan. Uncle Ben, his bus, rolled. People had been getting off the bus and getting beer and Don had been drinking too. He pulled off to the side of the road and it looked like level grass, but it was a ditch. I was on a satellite vehicle when Uncle Ben rolled. So we was all camping out in a van after that.

Then I was in a van to Chelan, Washington. A lot of Rainbow Family camped out at Lake Adeline near there. Then there was a spiritual gathering on Rosetta's land near Chelan. The Rainbow Family set up the kitchen there. The Elizabeth Clare Prophet people tried to make everybody pay \$10, but we said, "No. We're the Rainbow Family. We don't pay no money for anything spiritual. God don't charge. Our spiritual thing is to do the kitchen and to do music at night."

There was a lot of Rainbow Family there. A lot of the other people was into chanting, "I am the light. I am the light," but we knew we was that already, so we just blipped in and out of their movies. Elizabeth Clare Prophet's people insisted we had to stop playing our congas at night so people could sleep, but we played them anyway. Eric the Dread from the Grateful Dead was there playing with us. Elizabeth Clare Prophet's people tried to tell us we couldn't smoke pot, but we just sang:

"We don't care what Mama don't allow

We'll smoke our pot anyhow."

We went back to Lake Adeline. Some people picked apples and some people didn't and there was Rainbow Family in and out. I went up by Flowering Tree Family for a little while. They was into drying fruit. There was a dome there - everybody's packs was in there. Buffalo and Moonstone and Eric the Dread was there. They had the most beautiful set-up as far as food was concerned. It was like heaven - the outdoor kitchen with the pot of food by Moonstone and she would pass it out all in a circle.

From there I hitchhiked with Vicki Golden Bear and Billy Shawn to Phoenix and met some people at the State Fair Circus. We stayed on their Carnival lot with the carnies and got stoned. Then I went to Tucson and hung out at a Jesus Freak coffee house, The Lost and Found, where they had free coffee and donuts. I slept a lot in yards and empty shacks, wherever the family was crashing. I met a lot of people on the road who had

never heard about Rainbow Gatherings, so I just preached about Rainbow Gatherings. I got free egg sandwiches at the Egg Lady - a Catholic church. But I got tired of egg sandwiches cause I'm a vegetarian.

I hitched to St. Petersburg, Florida. I visited the only neat place in St. Pete - the Beaux Arts, a 75 year old house you can't see from the street for all the wild trees. It's the oldest coffee house in the United States. It's been there for 30 years [since about 1949?]. They got movies in one room and folk-type music in another one - no electric bands - and it cost \$1.25. You could stay upstairs if you helped sweep the place out I was there for a while. The Beaux Arts has legends like you wouldn't believe. It's only open on weekends. They've been giving musicians and artists a place to stay for years. Then I moved to Gainesville, Florida, met all the street people and lived on a school bus in the country with a girl named Donna and her two kids.

I didn't go to the '77 Gathering in New Mexico. I went back to Marabel Beach on Russian River in California, where we had all been when Morning Star Farm was bulldozed. I was looking for Choctaw Ed Walkinstick instead of going to the best party in the world - the gathering. I found him off and on.

There was another guy I was hanging out with in Sausalito. I had been celibate for years before that, hitching around dressed just like a dude, looking like a brother. I hadn't had a period in a long time and all of a sudden when the moon was in Cancer - sign of fertility - I started having a period again. So I prayed

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to the Great Spirit under the stars one night to please send me another child - some old spiritual soul that wanted to be reincarnated.

This other guy finally talked me into having a baby. I got pregnant by him in October at the Festival of the Sun in San Luis Obispo on the Frattic Ranch. It could be Choctaw's baby too. I don't know. It's a Rainbow. You paid \$7 to get in the Festival unless you were a smart gypsy like me and arrived in the middle of the night when nobody was at the gate. Good people live there. Buffle St. Marie was there. Lots of good Family was there. I took the dude I was making love with to Family Land, but he didn't want to stay with the Family - just to live just me and him and the kid. I haven't seen him since Christmas, 1977. This baby is dedicated to Choctaw. I wanted him to raise the baby. He's the god father. I traveled around all the time I was pregnant. That's why welfare cut me off. I visited all the magical places. St. Petersburg, Florida, the houseboats at Sausalito and all that.

In the log of Choctaw's Solar Chariot, my baby's name is Owassa Nayaki Walkinstick. Owassa is a Bird of Passion. Nayaki means Roundabout Walker. Walkinstick is the name Choctaw got in a vision. She was born on board the Solar Chariot at the Oregon Gathering 11:47 p.m. July 3 - born on the eve of Independence. I thought about calling her Eve because we're still on the eve. We sure don't got independence yet.

Choctaw delivered the baby. I held his hand while the baby was born. My baby doesn't have a birth certificate? Why should I register her with the state? I haven't been in the system a long time.

Choctaw, when they were gonna bulldoze Lou Gottlieb's home at Morning Star, he took down Lou's studio board by board and built himself a flat bed truck with it. That was the Solar Chariot. Solid redwood - 16,000 screws - not one nail. Choctaw is a triple Cancer and my daughter is a Cancer. Choctaw was traveling with the New World Exposition. He goes to all the alternative energy fairs, teaching people how to

use solar energy. He has a solar collector on his truck and it warms the truck and gives him water for hot showers.

I went to the Peace Camp in Oregon after the gathering. It was fantastic like another Rainbow Gathering. Lots of family was there. There were tipis and one council tipi. It got cold at that Peace Camp - snow and rain, tipis fell over, so we moved down the road to a ranch in Oregon that belonged to an elder of the Mormon Church. Then we headed down to set up

another Peace Camp near Clifton, Arizona. I was on the Rainbow Rider bus. I got off the Rainbow Rider at Santa Cruz, California because people were drinking and going on. I went to visit Elizabeth Gibbs, my baby's godmother. She has a radio show teaching about cosmic things like the I Ching. Her truck says I AM THE DOOR TO EVERYTHING. I was there for a while.

Then I went to San Francisco to be with Shiva Lila - the Children's Liberation Front. Their trip is that a baby goes back to being a monkey and that they should be into being sensual. They say, "You gotta become a baby to be with your baby." They would dance with my baby. All the mothers are into nursing all the babies. The dudes had long hair. All the women cut their hair real short. They're an acid community. The whole time I was there, I never heard my baby cry once.

Shiva Lila said I should get rid of all my jewelry because babies didn't wear it, monkeys didn't wear it. But my bracelet was given by Choctaw. Shit, I didn't get rid of it! It was part of me! I had hepatitis while I was there and they took care of me. I thought they were so right on, but they kept coming at me with too much information, too heavy. They were going to fly with my baby to Eden Hot Springs and I had a feeling they were gonna steal her. They believe that all the babies belong to all the women. So I found a road brother and me and him and the baby went hitchhiking. I left my backpack with Shiva Lila, I was in such a hurry to get out.

I hitched to Eden, but there was so little love at Eden Hot Springs for my child. I didn't get one little Christmas present from them for my baby, just an eviction notice on Christmas Eve. They had a meeting and decided I had to leave. How cold can you be? I was gonna go visit Mana of the Universal Life Church, the peyote man, but nobody at Eden would take me there. I've been shit on so much, I'm getting cold and bitter just like them. That's a horrible thing.

Then somebody turned me on to a tent and I stayed there at Eden anyway. I only came out when Rainbow Family came. I made myself the look out at Eden parking lot, always looking for Rainbow Family. I didn't join Eden Family. I kept telling them I was Rainbow.

I stayed awhile with Carlos and Blossom on the other side of Eden, but Carlos kept after me - "Tend your baby, tend your baby," and I didn't want to stay in their tipi. Carlos watched my stuff in his tipi, which is good, because I've always had it scattered all over the place.

It was counselled at Eden that Lisa and Dominic should take me in the bus they were in to where the Peace Camp was after it got flooded out of Clifton, Arizona. It was a several days' journey and the bus kept breaking down. We drove into Yuma and the cops led us to the fucking dump. That's what they think of us. Then we drove down the road a little ways and stopped and the cops told us to leave again. So we came here to the California side. It's a real poor location. I'm one of these location people. If the location's lousy, I feel lousy.

They say patience is a virtue, but waiting two years for Choctaw is a little too long. I've got this baby now. My other kids, I don't know if I'll ever see them again. I don't want to live just me and the baby. I want to live with a big family of people.

I've been screamed at a lot since I've been here. These guys after me to take care of my kid - a lot of them have kids that they don't even know about and they're still screwing around. Oh God, it's all so fucking crazy. They don't understand and I need help with my baby so I can branch out and do things I need. My kid has gotten me

where I can't be independent, I used to dress all in leather. I didn't have a sleeping bag. I slept in what I had on. Now I have to rely on other people.

I never knew how to take care of myself before. I was always on the road all the time. I said, "Oh, yeah, there'll be a lot of love and the Family will have it together and help me out."

A crock of shit!

After going for years telling people, "Go to the Rainbow Gathering - so people who are homeless all over the earth can come together and build heaven on earth," I've been burned off to the whole thing. I'm tempted to go to Steve Gaskin's Farm, except they don't allow goats for milk or bees for honey. No animal products. But if it wasn't for Dee of the Rainbow Family Dog Soldiers, I don't know what I'd do here at the Peace Camp. She's the only one who will help me out with my baby.

I was always a kid. I was walking around looking for someone to guide me, like, "All right, who's my next guru?" Now I'm having to look at the hard, cold facts. It's not so much fun any more. It's even aged my looks. Maybe it's making me grow up and it's hard - because I never was grown up. Maybe it's getting a little better for me now.

BANJO JENNIE The New Mommy

[Carleton introduced me to Banjo Jennie in Bisbee, Arizona, in June, 1982, and she told me the story of her life and her adoption of Nathanael's baby.]

People in the South kept up this hatred of being part Indian longer than any other place. I'm part Indian. I don't know the tribe, but my family burned the family tree to hide it. My father was a Navy officer, so we spent a lot of time in the Carolinas. I really like the way I turned out. When I'm in

Taos pueblo, people walk up to me and start talking to me in Tewa. In the border towns they talk to me in Spanish. Here in Bisbee they think I'm Caucasian.

I had been working in this coffeehouse in Florida since I was 17, playing the banjo and singing. I first met Nashema there in 1972. She heroized me because I had four little boys who I kept dressed in fancy leather outfits. That's how I supported my family was through fancy leather work. I sold my paintings here and there, but leather was more my art form.

When Nashema was two, she had some heavy disease that wasn't named and she had to have a blood transfusion and the person who gave the transfusion had lead poisoning. She was told that if she drank alcohol, the poison would get up into her brain cells. So I think her action was deliberate - drinking alcohol so she could go on being a case of dependency. She's 45 now, and when she goes through a spell of taking care of herself, she doesn't look that old.

When her oldest daughter was three, Nashema told her not to call her "Mother," but to call her by her first name because she didn't want to seem old enough to be her mother. Nashema's mother didn't get that daughter until she was 12. Whether it was a case of the state doing it or Nashema throwing her away, I don't know.

When I met Nashema, she had two other daughters. They were approximately eight and ten. They had just come to Florida from Sausalito. Nashema was doing the heavy drinking and ate tons of LSD - burnt her wires out. She didn't take care of her kids and they didn't like it at all. A close lady friend of mine had daughters the same age as those girls and that's how I knew them. Nashema's daughters stayed with my friend and she would tell other people that they were part of her family and they liked that. They were beautiful girls. I'm going to have one of them with me this summer.

I went to the New Mexico Rainbow Gathering in 1972. I was really

disappointed. There was a Satanic psycho and I was working with him really well and all these other people kept coming in and playing hearts and flowers. They were on an ego trip. Each one of them wanted to be the one that healed him. Finally they took him away from me and put him in a circle and started doing. They beat him and took him to Security camp and then they turned him over to the forest rangers. And this was supposed to be a healing gathering.

After the gathering, I left two of my kids with a friend. I hit the road with the other two, on our way to a blue grass festival. When I trucked with my kids, we were all really covered. Even when we didn't have money, we always did fine. The tire blew the tread off and our van went end over end. One of my kids was killed instantly. The other one wasn't fully conscious for two weeks.

The muscles in my back were torn up. And that's why I've never been to another Rainbow Gathering. I've been Rolfed, so it's a little better now. I have no excuse for not being dead, a vegetable or quadriplegic. I'm looking forward to change.

In the spring and summer of '79, four different people came through Bisbee with this story about a woman with a baby that was about to die and I didn't know it was Nashema. And then she showed up with her baby. She tried to talk me into "Well, you be the baby sitter and let me have her half the time," and I said "It's either 100 per cent or zero." The state approached me and they were going to take the kid and I convinced them I could take care of her. I signed guardianship papers.

Some people put this motherhood trip on Nashema and she decided she wanted the kid back. She came around with four really spacy characters. The baby was playing and I grabbed her and got her away from them. I had to convince the state that Nashema wouldn't see the baby.

Nashema got in with Mana's Peyote Way church and about 20 of his crazies went to the welfare office to get possession of the baby. Mana called me on the phone and tried to play Don Juan with me, trying to sound as hypnotic as he could. "You-go now-pick up that child-drive here!" I said, "You have done so much, Mister, you have gotten the state to take possession of that child."

A state caseworker wanted to be the first welfare worker to place at a commune, so he tried to place the child at Peyote Way. I went to his supervisor and said, "I don't know what you know, but here's what I know..."

Meanwhile Mana had gotten his charter as a church so that the peyote couldn't be used against him when he was at the hearing for the child. Nashema came to the hearing with a couple who were her constant baby sitters. See, Peyote Way's big deal is pottery. They had everybody in their group write on the pottery they made Nashema's name and 1980 so people would think that they had rehabilitated her and that they would unite mother and child. But it was too much for her. She tore off her clothes and ran down the street naked and screaming. This is her rehabilitation.

So they arraigned her in front of the judge and Mana's people were there, and in front of the judge they pulled out their peyote and just bit down. Nashema's case worker, that wanted to place her kid with Mana, got in trouble and almost lost his job and took out a heavy personal vendetta against me.

Next week was the actual hearing. There were these steps to go up - way up there. How am I to go up with my bad back? I asked the sheriff's department guy if there was a way for disabled people. So he helped me up the stairs with help from this little runt in a knit cap. When we got to the hearing, the little guy squatted against the wall and started blabla-bla - a really negative rap. And I said, "You must be Mana." I had expected a great big guy.

So I said, "Will you please be quiet? I don't want to hear you." So he

went away from me. He was playing Don Juan Magick. So I started going into this meditation place and imagining energy going into his solar plexus and burning and refining his energy and lifting up into his heart center and expanding it. He had a cold, tight heart space. Then from his heart center I imagined these tickle-bubble giggles running up through his throat. I've done this with other people. And he split from the room.

And then the hearing went on. I did my bit and Mana went in and did his bit. The judge decided the kid would be owned by the state—not Mana and not me. So these bozos came by, the caseworker and someone else and I asked, "What do I do to be licensed?" and they said, "I don't know."

Eventually a lady was setting up times for training sessions for foster home mothers. I was the only one who got in who didn't have a sponsor. Then they put the kid in a foster home with this old lady who was really screwy. It took me a year to get the license. They have a health inspector come look over your house.

Then Nashema came and asked me to sign an adoption consent form so she would know who had the child. Carleton was a witness. We kept the paper a secret so the caseworker wouldn't find out and incite Nashema against it. Then I showed it to the supervisor and named names. Within two days the caseworker found out and started inciting Nashema against me. He promised he could get her other kids from Missouri for her. That was totally false. I was in contact with her family in Missouri and she would never get them. For a while Nashema hated me.

They let her have the child back the week before Christmas, 1980. In a week she couldn't handle the baby. She had a total frap-out and left the baby with some other people. She did this several times and the long-hairs around town kept it a secret from the state. Finally in July, 1981, Nashema had a big, bad

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frap-out. They stuck her in the hospital. The child was put in another foster home with some Chicano grandparents. She was three years old and extremely smart and still in diapers.

Finally the state decided to put her out for general adoption. It was a really big thing for me to think of taking on such a young child. My youngest was 11. I went through a lot of head raps and heart raps. The Love Family said they were gonna take the child, but when it came down to it, none of them would sign on the dotted line. So I went to the hearing and I went into meditation and stripped down just bare inside and said to the All, "I do not know what to do about this. Please work through me."

I brought photographs of Nashema's child with my children. They said, "Why hasn't she been placed with you?"

I said, "I don't want to start naming names and tattle-talings" and they interrogated me in a nice way all about that case worker having a vendetta against me. It was Pluto coming to the surface, bringing everything out. I didn't do anything on my own.

I went to the judge and the judge decided I could have the child - March 5, 1982. Nashema needs to stay out of contact with anything official. I was the only one who tried to let her know where it was at with reality.

The little girl was scrawny when I got her. Her skin was pasty and her nose was a constant drip. I need to take her to a specialist. The first week she said to me, "Will you be my new mommy?" She has a lot of bad dreams, but they're not as bad as they were at first.

NASHEMA - (continued)

[I met up with Nashema again at the I Dab Gathering in July, 1982. She was living with a man who owned a bus shaped like a space ship. She gave me her version of the adoption.]

I'm Nashema. That's Little Sister, but I'm also known as Fantasy. That story I've been rapping to you was partly fantasy. I was trying it out to see what made sense. I am very spacy on lots of things.

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I left the long time past so many centuries, moons ago that I am a different person than any of my relatives knew.

After the Peace Camp in 1979, I went to Earth Lab in Tucson where they record soundings of the planets. Moses had gotten there ahead of me and Stephen Principle was there.

The state tried to grab my kid because she's a Rainbow gypsy baby, because of my life style. They said, "Don't live in tents and buses. Don't cook your food over a campfire." They're legal kidnappers, especially if you have a beautiful baby, especially if you're a single parent. Vegetarians - they're after vegetarians' kids.

They had my kid in and out of foster homes. Like at first I had her three days a week. We'd both be crying and tore up when they'd take her back. Every time she'd go to the foster home she'd come back with her nose running. I'd fix her elderflower tea with peppermint and ghotocola and cure her colds.

Then Banjo Jennie who I knew from Florida became a foster home to get my child away from the establishment. Jennie wants to set up a community for arts and crafts and music and a free school for the kids. She wants to get her kids out of the public school system. I told her there's no way any of mine will ever set foot in one of those public schools.

Buckwheat got me to go to Peyote Way Church to get my kid back. I was like on a coffee speed trip. At Peyote Way, they had all kinds of pot, so I didn't smoke no tobacco. I was spaced out because it seemed weird. I couldn't stand their language around there. I didn't want my little daughter to hear all that bad language - old war talk. They don't have no ceremony. They just eat peyote all day and all night.

Children's Service came out to Peyote Way church. They got the grand tour. Peyote Way were making a porch meant for my daughter. They showed Children's Services they had

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enough food. It was like a spotless kitchen. Peyote Way made pottery all the time. They wanted it to look like I was rehabilitated and could make money on my own making pottery. I only painted on it a little bit. I didn't really want to.

The plot was me and Jimmer and Richard of Richard and Michelle were just gonna take the baby to Rose's land at Bear Springs. I would just pretend to live at Peyote Way if Children's Services asked. Like Family was keeping tabs on me. Richard and Jimmer was camped in a tent on Peyote Way land.

I just did peyote two times there. I got weird both times because there wasn't no ceremony. I got bad vibes off the place. Mana ran the place like a military chief. He couldn't open his mouth without cursing. I didn't want to stay there, but I wanted to get the kid.

I told the DES - the Department of Economic Security, "I ain't gonna let you have my little baby." I played the game with DES and I got my child back. I had a house with no electricity, just candles. A lot of Family stayed with me.

They all left and went to the gathering. The house was too big for me. It was seven rooms. My daughter was saying, "I don't like this house, I going." I don't think it's fair making a gypsy stay in one place. I was crying around town, "Does anyone have a room for me to stay in?" All my friends were gone.

The DES grabbed my kid. It was part of their plot. Then they grabbed me and took me to a hospital. They had me tied down and gave me a giant shot. It was horrible. They had me for 24 hours. It was like a nightmare except it was for real. They gave me a piece of paper to sign and said I was never gonna see my child again.

I went to the Foster Care Review Board with Jennie. Jennie and I had been kind of on the outs to start with because I thought Jennie was trying to steal my kid from me. I said, "I want Jennie to take care of my kid. I know I'll be in contact with her." I wouldn't feel good if somebody had her that wasn't Family. I can tell

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Jennie what to give my daughter - spirulina - give her miso. Jennie's got a nice home and all that, but that child's used to campfires and trips and singing.

Instead of it being so legal, it's like my daughter is staying with Aunt Jennie. I knew Jennie was Rainbow, so I knew it was OK. Once I got my daughter in Jennie's house, I could leave her there and feel good about it.

I was pulling all kinds of strings for one of my other daughters to get to spend the summer with Jennie.

My girl's a songwriter. It ain't no good for her being with my mother. I gave her a notebook to write her thought waves and it turned out music.

I'm not even dealing with food stamp people any more. An old friend picks up the stamps and sends them to me and I'm not ever gonna see those people again.

I started hanging out with David here at the Idaho Gathering. He builds racing cars. That gives him money to build his dream - a bus like a space ship. This is a fantasy ship. It is one of my fantasies turned into reality.

[Nashema and Banjo Jennie both went to the March 1984 Southwest Regional Gathering - separately from each other.]